E STRANGE FLUTIST.

annary, on the first evening that a ow carpeted the roofs of Paris, a arriage rolled along the boulevards, like a zebra. It was so loaded with that you would have thought an ac-

The neighbors had to hold their sides, for

this he hoped not to die with hunger

how! He is getting to be ast Xis for an extra attraction I will dis-

tapped loudly and cried out: and any and cress out:

All you stop! If you don't I'll gaze
on your face pretty soon!"

When M. Jaune got safgry he forgot the
ctates of politeness. There was silence ain, and he began to get drowsy. Suddenly: "Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!"

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face;"
"Fie! The mean scamp!"
He rang for the chambermaid.
"Who is this idiot of a flutist whom I have
for a neighbor?" he asked.
"A flutist?" she exclaimed, with a vacant
air. "Why, M. Janne, you are dreaming.
The chamber is empty."
M. Janne dared not reply. The surmise
obtruded itself that perhaps he was beginning
to have delusions. Besides, so long as the
chambermaid was at hand the flutist could
not be heard. But scarcely was she gone,

not be heard. But scarcely was she gone,

And so on about once a minute. M. Jaune floundered about and sank under the bed cov-

Under the partition door he saw a gleam of light. He heard the rustling of garments and preparations for bod. Afterward quiet eigned, and he slept, as usual, until the next

on.

On this second day, after having taken a
alk on the Promenade Des Anglais for a
n bath, passed a little time at the clab and
ned composedly, he went up to retire at 10

"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face!" ergetting his grotesque appearance in his nightcap, half undressed, he rushed down to complain to the master of the bouse.

"M. Pavioh, why do you furnish lodgings to musical artists in a house which I thought

Truly, M. Jaune, I do not know what you mean. I beg you to believe that I have re-gard enough for my interests to refuse those

"Then you have one without knowing it fluid that No. 10, next me."
"I beg your pardon, M Jame, at No. 10 is a most sedate lady, Mme. Kissmicouick, of the United States, and at No. 6 is Miss White-

rose, of London."
"I repeat that there is a fluist at No. 10. Perhaps the lady thrusts him into the ward-robs when any one goes in."

"I beg your parden again, M. Jaune, Mma Kissmicouick enjoys an irreproachable repu-tation. No landford in Nice would be willing to receive a doubtful character. Mme. Kiss-micouick is a mature widow. If she flirted it would be seriously, and as she weights some 200 pounds it would not be with a flute. She would take at least a clarionet. This listly

goes every evening into the best society, and returns at 11 o'clock." M. Janne, disconcerted, went back to his room. However, his head was scarcely on pillow-crack! you have it:

"Let, ob, let me gaze upon thy face?" Flute again!" exclaimed M. Jaune. He ing for the chambermuld.

"Ask your master to come here."

"Ask your master to come here."

M. Favioli hurried up.

"Listeo, pray," said M. Jaune.

M. Favioli encleavored to hold his breath.

Of a sudden two philandering cats set up a
cater wanling on the balcony.

"I hear only two cats talking love to each
other," said M. Favioli.

"I hear them, too," M. Jaune chimed in.

"Be patient! The flute will begin again."

M. Favioli held his breath.
Suddenly, crack, the flute!

uddenly, crack, the flute!
"Let, oh, let me gaze upon thy face:" M. Jaune, in agitation, struck against the wall, while M. Favioli burst into loud laughter.

sent you to the artist. Please follow me."

He took a light, and opening Mmc. Kissmiconick's door with his pass key, he pointed to
a cage on the table, in which a bird similar
to our blackbirds was moving his head about
and singing without a samblance of feer

"That is Mmo. Kissmiconick's flute, M.

Jame an Australian nightingale. These birds learn an air perfectly and in the night charm the neighbors." Semewhat calmer, for it was folly to get angry with a bird, M. James said:

"Propose to the lady to sell it to me. Go as high as 500 frames, that I may have the satisfication."

ction of wringing its neck."
"Well, M. Janne, I will speak to her this

weight, "A Favioli complied with his promise, but Mme, Kissmiconick sent him walking. "Five hundred france!" she cried. "I think as much of it as a Chinaman of his pigtail, say to that fallow that I will not sell my

Stupid Fellow. Stupid Fellow.

The post who wrote of

"The kies on the stair,"

And "was thrilled to his eight fing
Would have shown a little

More sense, I declare,

If he'd taken his kies on the lips.

— Kearrery Enter

Johns—Say, Charlie, how did you get alon with the fair belle inst night? Charlie—Well, I found that when I calls

Johns—That is encouraging, I must say Charlie—Not by a good deal. * Johns—Why not? Charlis—Her mather occupied that el-all the evening,—Kearney Enterprise.

The Why of It.

When saying you're not elever!

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Let him climb in, then I will give a yell, and it may make him drop something be has stolen obsewhere."—San Francisco Wasp.

He was pale as a ghost—a clarified dude
With his stomach hung down to his knee;
"Please give me," he cried to the passer, "some I've been to a five o'clock ten."

Only a Substitute.

Mrs. Gofrequent (making a call)—I quite envy you your little boy, Mrs. Flyabout. He looked so manly sitting beside you yesterday when you were out driving.

Mrs. Flyabout (with a sigh)—Yes, I had to take Johnny yesterday. Dear little Fide was sick.—Chicago Tribune. end of the table.

Meanwhile the waiter has placed their

"I ain't a bit hungry," she says with a charming air of languor. A Satisfactory Explanation. "No, no?" she cried with cheeks affame. Unto i..., a for one carest. But he took the kisses all the same. And told her he was not to blame. Try and eat just a little, just to oblige your For double negatives mean "yes"
—Fhiladelphia Press She delicately pecks like a slender bird at late off more than you can—an-chool—Chi-

breakfast before them.

THE REWARD.

After our lengthened struggle, After our life's list wave. After our pain and passion We find—a quiet gravel -thicago Herald

LOVES ONION COMPACT.

After our time of tolling.
After our tide of tears.
After our stormy voyage
At last a part appears. After our time of anguish,
After our loss and less,
After our test by fire,
The gold eschows the dross,



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r you. -St. Paul Eye.

arming air of languer.

"Aren't you? You poor little sweethear!)

y and eat just a little, just to oblige your

I am done with you.

B. T. HARRIET, P. G.

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